



NEIL SMITH, WHO WITH Radio Society president Graham Laughren, was largely responsible for the new radio society broadcasting studio in SUB, is shown at the controls of the studio.

* * * *

ON \$600 BUDGET

Broadcasting Studios For Radsoc Finished

By Art Newman

Two years of planning and hard work by members of the Students' Radio society are culminating in success as their new studios on the third floor of the Students Union building rapidly near completion and official opening.

We will appreciate this new development more if we can see it in perspective. In the years immediately following 1945, Radio society, blessed with an abundance of talent, flourished until all the talent began to graduate or to find itself diverted into other channels. Then came the lean years, from which the society is just recovering.

There were times during this period when the existence of Radio society hung by a very slender thread. Their programs, we must admit, were not good, and CKUA's production manager threatened to discontinue them if they did not improve. Last year and the year before the main task facing Radio society was a fight for existence.

In the fall of 1953, members of Radio society got together to try and find a way to improve their programs. The biggest factor affecting the quality of broadcasting, they agreed, was the fact that there were no facilities for practice.

The Radio service studios in Hut "H" were in use most of the time, and the only time a student could get near a microphone was when he was actually broadcasting.

That is when the idea of separate Radio society studios in the centre of student activities, the SUB, first came up, and right away it started to snowball.

The idea appealed to chief engineer Neil Smith and he expressed his willingness to design the control board and to supervise its construction. It appealed to Graham Laughren, too, and he gave up directorship of the Evergreen and Gold to apply for presidency of Radio society during the 1954-55 term.

The crucial question now was: would the Students Union OK the \$600 budget needed for the construction of the studios? It was almost an anti-climax when it was passed without a murmur. But, after all, where else could the Students Union get a fully equipped broadcasting studio handed to them for only \$600?

From this point on it was Neil's baby and a great proportion of his time went into it, begging, borrowing and, as a last resort, buying equipment. Another man for whom the new studios will be a monument to many lost hours of study is John Kuill, who gave Neil a great deal of

assistance.

Things went reasonably smoothly then, apart from a few major frustrations. The studios would have been completed about the middle of January had it not been for the uncooperativeness that almost amounted to belligerence, of an American company which holds a monopoly on the manufacture and retail of a special type of switch, vital to the control panel and which, of course, we cannot name here.

Neil received his first correspondence from them in January, when they nonchalantly informed him that they had lost the specification sheet sent them in October. A new specification sheet and three telegrams later, they condescended to make another correspondence, bluntly stating that the earliest expected date of arrival of the switches would be March 7.

Having by now no great faith in the company's customer policy, Radio society fell back upon its original benefactor, radio station CJCA, from whom the required switches were borrowed.

During this time Graham, as he puts it, had "played the part of the mother hen". He had stayed awake nights and worried and he had used all his executive ability to persuade secretary Walter Dimwoodie that such proposed moves as tearing out the wall in the music room were necessary.

See RADSOC, Page 6

SPEAKERS SUGGEST SOLUTIONS

Reactions To Overcrowding

Increased university enrolment, university finances, and overcrowding of facilities were topics of three speeches this week. Speaking in North Bay, Ontario, Dr. Stewart, president of the university, said Monday that preliminary study is being given by the board of governors of the university to a policy of easing the problem by the establishment of community colleges at the junior college level.

Dr. Stewart said these junior colleges might be located in different parts of the province for first-year students. The main university would then handle only the more advanced studies.

It has been suggested in the past that a junior college be established at the Red Deer Composite high school, where extensive dormitory

and other facilities are available.

OVERCROWDING MEANS CRISIS

Speaking in the legislature Monday, Dr. J. D. Ross (SC—Edmonton) said, "Universities are approaching a crisis because of overwhelming applications for admission. The universities," he continued, "would face the problem of insufficient staff and facilities."

Dr. Ross urged serious consideration be given to setting up a university at Calgary for southern Alberta students. He believed definite federal assistance should be given to provide higher education.

Dr. E. P. Scarlett, chancellor of the university, told a meeting of the Friends of the University society Monday in Athabasca hall that every university in the western world is facing a period of crisis.

THE GATEWAY

UNDERGRADUATE NEWSPAPER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XLV, No. 37.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA,

FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1955

Ask Loyalty Oath Before Graduating

LONG ISLAND, N.Y. (ACP)—A loyalty oath for prospective graduates is being asked for by Long Island university's Young Democrats, according to the Seawanhaka, college weekly.

"In order to receive a degree, the graduate would have to sign a statement disclaiming past or present membership in the Communist party or any other organization on the attorney general's subversive list," declared Bernard Rosenbloom, former president.

Rosenbloom stated that he hopes the policy will be instituted this term, the Seawanhaka reports. Members of the Young Democrats have already signed a statement pledging their loyalty, Rosenbloom said.

A Seawanhaka editorial calls the

plan "the height of ineffective and dangerous folly," adding that "A loyal American doesn't have to have 'loyalty papers' in his record in order to graduate from a college that prepares him to live in a democracy."

Robertson Chorus President; Practices End Until Tour

Don Robertson, agriculture 3, was elected president of the Mixed chorus at its annual election meeting last Saturday. Muriel Dyer, arts 2, was elected secretary, and John Davies, medicine 1, business manager. Advertising manager is Steve Pederson, arts 2.

Diane Mason, arts 1, was elected social convener, and Harold Nix, theology 1, is the new chorus librarian. Bob Smith, arts 3, outgoing president of the Mixed chorus, was acclaimed alumni secretary.

Robertson, the new president, is a baritone in the chorus and was assistant ticket-sales manager and house manager for its Edmonton concerts this winter.

Final concert of the year will

Around The Quad

Loud yell ringing out from backstage as the final curtain descended on "Playboy of the Western World" Saturday night—"Is everybody happy?" . . . Morley Lipsett, science 1, "In spring a young man's fancy turns to . . . and that's no lie. . . . As punishment after an unruly Students Union meeting, Steveites being forced to go through a quickly-called fire drill down the "whoops" fire escape. . . . Dr. E. J. H. Greene entertaining his French 51 class with an imitation of Churchill. . . . Moans and groans being heard from many students when the first draft of final exam dates appeared Tuesday. . . . John Beckingham, law 3, happily playing "Who put the cookies in the cookie jar?" at a recent party.

Repairs To Gym Remove Danger Of Collapsing

The university gymnasium has been repaired to the extent that it is no longer in danger of collapsing, reported Prof. F. J. Hastie of the building engineers' department Tuesday. It has not been decided whether to rehabilitate it completely for further use, or to have the whole structure replaced.

be presented this Friday at First Baptist church in downtown Edmonton. A concert was held for the Friends of the University at their annual banquet in Athabasca hall Monday.

Practices will be suspended until late in April, when the chorus will begin preparations for the annual spring tour. This year's tour will take choristers to the Peace River district, where they will take part in Alberta's golden jubilee celebrations for the north.

To Present Student Awards At Color Night

Over 70 awards will be presented to students who have made outstanding contributions to the university on Color Night, to be held Wednesday at 6:30 at the Macdonald.

Tickets are available for award winners at the Students Union office for \$3 per couple. If any tickets are left over, the general student sale will start Monday.

Patronesses for the banquet will be Mrs. A. W. Stewart, Mrs. A. A. Ryan, Mrs. M. Van Vliet, Miss Mabel Patrick and Miss M. S. Simpson.

Master of ceremonies and chairman of the function will be John Beckingham, chairman of the Color Night committee appointed by the Students Union. Other committee members are Dennis Horne, union treasurer, and Joe Fairbanks, treasurer of men's athletics.

President Andrew Stewart will present gold "A" rings to Students Union president Bob Edgar, vice-president Clara Angelqvist, Beckingham, NFCUS president Doug Fitch, and former Gateway editor Hugh Lawford.

Edgar will present the other union awards: 10 Gold Key blazers, 10 silver "A" rings and 20 gold "A" pins. Thirteen block "A" athletic awards will be presented by Dr. Maury Van Vliet, head of the physical education department.

DEADLINE NEWS

ESSAY WINNERS

Brian Cummins, med 1; Sam Baker, arts 2, and Ted Bower, science 2, took first, second and third place in Saturday's MacEachran essay contest. Prizes of \$50, \$25 and \$15 were awarded by Dr. J. M. MacEachran at the Philosophical society meeting Wednesday.

FOURTEEN ENROLLED

Postgraduate Studies Conducted In Plant Science

Fourteen men who have come to this university from all over the world are currently conducting postgraduate studies in the department of plant science.

Seven are proceeding to the M.Sc. degree, six to the Ph.D. degree, and one to the D.Sc. degree.

Dr. Clayton Person, the first to take the Ph.D. degree from the University of Alberta, did his work in cytogenetics of wheat in the department of plant science; and it is expected that four more Ph.D. degrees will be awarded this spring for research carried on in the department.

Czechoslovakia-born Ambrose Zitnak received his early training in that country; and in 1953 he received his M.Sc. in horticulture from Alberta. A Ph.D. candidate, Zitnak is making a study of the factors affecting bitterness in potatoes.

WHEAT PROBLEMS

A graduate of the University of Saskatchewan and a Ph.D. candidate, John Kuspira has been working on a genetic and cytogenetic problem in common wheat, supervised by Dr. J. Unrau. His method promises to be "of value" in the breeding of improved varieties of wheat.

Eric R. Kerber, also a candidate for the Ph.D. degree, was born at Langham, Sask., and took his bachelor's and master's degree in that province. His main research is con-

cerned with a study of the chromosome behavior at gamete formation in certain off-types of barley.

Thomas Lawrence, B.S.A., M.Sc., is preparing his Ph.D. thesis under the direction of Dr. Johnson. His problem is "radiation-induced mutations in barley". Lawrence was born in Saskatchewan, where he received most of his education.

BARLEY SMUT

Stewart A. Wells, B.S.A., M.Sc., another Saskatchewan graduate, is studying "inheritance of reaction to covered smut in barley" under the direction of Dr. Johnson. Resistance to this disease has been little studied, so that the information he can obtain will be of benefit in the breeding of new barley varieties.

Karl A. Lesins, candidate for the D.Sc. degree, was born and grew up in Latvia. He studied the problems of seed-setting in alfalfa at various European universities, and when he came to the U of A in 1951 he continued his alfalfa research. He has published ten scientific papers on various phases of his alfalfa investigations.

ON WUS FELLOWSHIP

Born in Malaya in 1930, Anthony Santiago, B.Sc., is studying for his M.Sc. degree under Dr. Unrau. A WUS fellowship and Colombo plan assistance enabled Santiago to come to Canada. He is studying some of the factors responsible for mutations in Thatcher wheat.

Emile Wagenaar was born in Indonesia in 1923 and was educated there. After the war, Wagenaar received a degree in Holland and last July came to Canada. Since last fall he has been studying here under Dr. Johnson toward his Ph.D. degree. His research is related to wild cereals and grasses.

Born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, Rodney Harle took his high school and B.Sc. degrees here in Edmonton. Under the supervision of Dr. Johnson, Harle is presently working with a genetics problem in barley.

Ag, H. Ec. Clubs Hold Pie Social

No casualties were reported as a result of the home-made pies served by the house ec girls at the "Survival of the Richest", held Wednesday at the Students Union building.

Everyone survived.

At the pie social, sponsored jointly by the Ag and House Ec clubs, the highest price of the evening was paid for a pie made by Kay Green, house ec 1. Bob Adamson, agriculture 2, topped the bidding at \$2.

Rumor has it that the other girls may invoke the anti-combines law against Kay and Bob.

Auctioneer was Len ("Marble-Mouth") Poetschke, agriculture 1. Pie selling followed a dance session to the Ag club orchestra.

Arrangements were handled by Kathy Gardiner, house ec 2, John Calpas, agriculture 3, and Gerry Regehr, agriculture 3. Proceeds will go to the World University service.

Madill Elected Ag Club President

Wally Madill, agriculture 3, was elected president of the Agriculture club Monday. A total of 88 per cent of agriculture students voted.

Three positions were filled by acclamation: vice-president, Muriel McLeod, agriculture 3; secretary-treasurer, Don Laverty, agriculture 3; and sports representative, Jerry Harle, agriculture 1.

Ross Gould, agriculture 3, was elected council representative; and Bill Owen, agriculture 1, is in charge of publicity. Cultural representative is Steve Threlkeld, agriculture 2; fourth-year representative is John Calpas; and third-year representative is Dinny Madill.

SHIPS NEEDED DIRECTORS

Applications for short-term employment as educational directors on trans-Atlantic ships have been invited by the WUSC Council on Student Travel.

Job assignments vary from one round-trip sailing to periods of three to five months. Compensation for these longer periods of service will be regular salary. For a single round-trip sailing, full or partial passage will be provided, depending upon job requirements. All positions allow for time abroad.

The qualifications and skill desired for educational directors are: conversation ability in one or more of French, German, Greek or Italian; and ability to organize extensive education program with the help of passenger volunteers. Training in any of the following fields is highly advantageous: cultural anthropology, art history, international relations and economics, group work, language, philosophy, recreation, sociology.

U of A Reappoints Charles Macleod Board Chairman

Charles M. Macleod, chairman of the Workmen's Compensation board, has been re-appointed chairman of the University board of governors for a three-year term, university officials reported.

New appointments to the board are Mr. Justice Hugh J. MacDonald of the supreme court trial division, and Mrs. W. C. Taylor, of Wainwright, a member of the Farm Women's Union of Alberta.

Re-appointed to three-year terms were Hugh E. Pearson of Edmonton and Robert H. C. Harrison of Calgary.

When and Where

EUS Elections—Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Education building.

WAA WAA Weekend—Friday and Saturday. WAA WAA dance on Friday, 9 p.m., mixed lounge, SUB.

Provincial Drama Festival—Friday evening, Convocation hall. The Bunkins of Caglarly present "Glass Menagerie".

Saturday matinee features "The Infernal Machine" by Brooks Little Theatre.

Saturday evening, Medicine Hat Little Theatre presents "Born Yesterday".

SCM Banquet—Saturday, 6 p.m., Knox United church. Kyaw Than, associate general secretary of World Student Christian federation speaking on "The Church Ecumenical—An Asian Viewpoint".

VCF Graduation Banquet—Saturday, 6 p.m., Corona hotel.

Bar None Dance—Saturday, 9 p.m., SUB mixed lounge for square dancing, Athabasca for modern dance.

Lutheran Students' Association—Annual banquet, Sunday, 5 p.m., Trinity Lutheran church. Tickets from Clara Angeltvedt, 34703, and Sonja Gotaas, 31868.

Hugill Debates—Final session Monday, 4:30 p.m., mixed lounge, SUB. Law vs. Education, "Resolved that science has not made mankind happier".

University Musical Club—Election of officers, Tuesday, mixed lounge, SUB.

Color Night—Wednesday, 6:30 p.m., Macdonald hotel.

Humanities Association—Thursday, 8:15 p.m., projection room, Rutherford library. Prof. H. Glyde on "Philosophy in Architecture".

Burmese Grad To Address Coming Banquet

Kyaw Than, associate general secretary of the World Student Christian federation, Geneva, Switzerland, will speak on "The Church Ecumenical—An Asian Viewpoint" at a banquet at Knox United Church 104 St. and 84 Ave. Saturday at 6 p.m.

Tickets may be obtained for \$1 from any cabinet member of the Student Christian Movement or at the church.

Mr. Than, now making a flying tour of the main Canadian universities will visit this campus Saturday and Sunday. A Burmese, he is a graduate of Rangoon University. Later a history professor there, he served as SCM secretary in southeast Asia from 1949 to 1952.

In 1953 he was elected the first Asian associate general secretary of the World Student Christian federation. Since his election he has travelled through most of Europe, New Zealand and Australia.

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Law, Education Students Debate For Hugill Trophy

"Resolved that science has not made mankind happier", will be the topic for debate in the competition for the Hugill trophy Monday at 4:30 in the mixed lounge.

John Beckingham and Keith Latta, both law 3, represent the law faculty. Opposing them are John Paterson and Stuart Anderson, education 1 students, who will debate for Education. The winning faculty will be presented with the trophy on Color Night, Wednesday.

A general meeting of the Debating club will be held on Monday in Arts 148 at 4:30. Elections will be held and reports given.

In the debates held last Monday, John Beckingham and Keith Latta, both law 3, debating the affirmative of "Resolved that the university should place more emphasis on general education rather than on technical training" defeated Tom Millman and Ray Anderson, both law 2.

John Paterson and Stuart Anderson, both education 1, debating the negative of "Resolved that campus queen contests be abolished at the University of Alberta", defeated Louis Hyndman and Ian Farquharson, both arts 2.

The two winning teams will now debate for the Hugill trophy.

Varsity Radio

The University Radio service will present the following programs over CKUA during the next week:

Friday

6:45 p.m.—Listeners' request concert
7:45 p.m.—The art of parody: D. R. Godfrey

8:15 p.m.—I don't agree!

Saturday

8:00 p.m.—Saturday evening concert

Monday

6:45 p.m.—The music hour
7:45 p.m.—Music of my choosing: C. H. Moore
8:15 p.m.—Fidelity in sound and color reproduction: J. H. Harrold

Tuesday

6:45 p.m.—The music hour
7:45 p.m.—The serious and comic in the plays of Moliere: C. H. Moore

Wednesday

6:45 p.m.—The music hour
7:45 p.m.—Your opportunity—how to make the most of it: Miss L. Wilson
8:15 p.m.—Survey, reading achievements in Alberta: W. Pilkington

Thursday

6:45 p.m.—The music hour
7:45 p.m.—Art in everyday life—the first of three programs on the theatre: G. Peacock, D. Pimm
8:15 p.m.—Programs of the Student Radio society

NOTICE

Student organizations wishing to reserve dates for scheduled functions on or off the campus are requested by the scheduling committee to complete the mailed-out forms and submit them to the secretary of the Students Union before Tuesday.

Any club president who did not receive an application form may pick one up at the Students Union office.

Names of the new executive of all student organizations should be left at the Students Union office.

WUS Offers Scholarships

World University Service has extended scholarship offers to students at the Universities of Gold Coast and Nigeria. The scholars will be selected through WUS Committee in their own country and will be responsible for their own travel cost.

The scholarships, which are tenable for one year, will be for post-graduate study. They will provide board and lodging, tuition fees, books, clothing, and pocket-money.

The scholarships are intended to meet vital needs of the receiving countries and to build understanding between those countries and Canada.

First Schedule Posted For Final Exams

The end is near.

The first draft of the final examinations schedule was posted in the major campus buildings Tuesday.

Students are urged to check it and report any confictions to the assistant registrar's office as soon as possible.

The posted white draft is the first of three. The second draft, as is customary, will be printed on green paper. The final draft will be printed on salmon-red paper.

The places of writing will be published after the final draft of the examinations has been posted.

It has at last been revealed that the administration keeps half of all campus doorways closed because they don't want it to be thought that the campus is wide-open.

PART TWO

Communism In Ukraine

By NATALIA SOLONY

(Continued from last issue)

Puppet Government

In the Ukraine, the course of economy, politics and culture is directed from Moscow, by orders from the Politburo. The minor organs of government, the republican "legislatures" of the Ukraine, Russia, Georgia, etc., are in existence merely to put into action the plans drawn up by Moscow.

If the consequences of government action are unpopular, as they were in the famine of 1933-34, the central government, of course, is never blamed. "Enemies of the state"—people who for personal or political reasons are selected as whipping boys—receive the blame and are eliminated. Often these political purges begin at the top echelons and proceed through practically every factory and collective farm. "State enemies" by the thousands are sent to the Siberian mines as cheap labor. Nobody has the chance to prove himself innocent, for the democratic trial does not exist in the U.S.S.R. Once the party has found someone guilty, there is no questioning of his guilt.

The Press

Freedom of the press does not exist in the Ukraine and other republics of the USSR. No article or book will be published unless it refers to and praises Marx, Lenin, Stalin, and their ideology. These three men seem to be the authorities in all fields of learning.

For example, in our library there is a book published behind the iron curtain entitled "The History of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic". The only references used for compiling the book were the "Soviet Encyclopedia", published in the USSR and the works of Marx, Lenin and Stalin. Lenin's writings are quoted even in the chapter on the stone age.

Other textbooks are much the same as this one; all have opening tributes to the founders of communism. Newspapers, as well, are strictly controlled. They can write nothing on their own. If ordered to bark, they bark. If a political figure meets the disfavor of the leaders, he is declaimed in the press, conditioning the people for his removal.

(To be concluded next week)

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Alberta

John Edwards Receives First Tri-Service Award

John Edwards, arts 3, has been awarded the Tri-Service military award. This award is presented to the cadet who has made the greatest contribution to cadet life on the campus.

The award, which is purchased by the Tri-Service cadet mess, is given on the combined recommendations of the commanding officers and staff officers of the three services. Certain standards must be met in order to be

eligible for the award. The cadet must be outstanding in his own contingent and must have made the greatest general contribution to Tri-Service activities as a whole.

Cadet Edwards, who will be taking his second year of flight training with the Royal Canadian Navy (air branch) this summer, is a graduating student in the faculty of arts and science. He is currently chief cadet captain of the UNTD and is president of the Tri-Service mess committee.

This is the first year the award has been presented. It is to be made an annual event.

Waaaa-Missed Waa Waa

Eager coeds planning to attend "Waa Waa Wigwalk" Friday night are in for a rude shock. The dance was held last year.

Possibly they may have heeded Tuesday's Gateway and are planning to go last week.

The Gateway, alas, in not immune to error. First of all, the dance will not be called "Waa Waa Wigwalk". And "Waa Waa weekend" will be held today and tomorrow, NOT last weekend, as the reporter, copy reader, proof-reader, and page-proof reader all insisted.

It's been a long hard winter.

Health Dept. Wants Engineer

A graduate civil or chemical engineer is required for the department of national health and welfare at St. Catharines, Ont. Salary ranges from \$3,540 to \$4,620.

Applications and enquiries should be sent to the civil service commission at Ottawa, quoting competition 55-1401.

The engineer will be responsible for field and office work related to sanitary surveys of water sources, ice and food products used on common carriers, and the examination of handling methods of these supplies.



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Sunday, March 13th, at the 7:30 p.m. Service

REV. DR. GEORGE McLEOD

of

IONIAN COMMUNITY OF SCOTLAND

will speak on

"WORK AND WORSHIP"

A Sound Film on work of Ionian Community will be shown.

Every Sunday evening is "Student Night" at Metropolitan.

THE GATEWAY



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What We Want

It is coming to the end of the year, and it is time to present a summary of our beefs, with a few new ones added, with the dim hope that next year we will:

1. Be able to visit our girl-friend in the infirmary.
2. Be able to smoke in the library rotunda, and smoke and study somewhere in the library.
3. Be able to read examination schedules in the Arts building without being jostled to death; because five or six similar schedules will be posted in the other major campus buildings.
4. Be able to hold an innocent little party on the campus without going to all the red tape of chaperones and signatures and counter-signatures. The chaperones usually end up both younger and more irresponsible than us, anyway.
5. Be able to drive to classes in our 1956 Cadillac in 30 below weather, and have a block-heater outlet handy to the campus rented to us at a nominal charge.
6. Find that tests are held in test week.
7. Be able to buy bars from the CNIB stand that will be located somewhere in the Arts building.
8. Be able to vote for a president of the Students Union.
9. Be able to cash cheques in the bank in the new Administration building, and look with favor on the swimming pool being constructed in Stage Two.
10. Be listening to music in SUB cafeteria, compliments of the Radio society.
11. Be able to graduate.

Classroom Credo

Not long ago, Fred Clandfield came into the office and handed us a neatly written sheet of paper. "It happened in class", he explained.

On the sheet of paper were 16 theses about life in general and study in particular. If we were in a medieval university we would tack them upon the door of the Rutherford library (to Miss Sherlock's horror) and let the Debat-

ing society hold a Disputation about them. We are in twentieth-century Alberta. We just print them.

Here they are:

UNIVERSITY

I. Purveying Professorial Truth is comparable to inflating a balloon with absolutely nothing (a Ph.D. thesis or Original Research) and letting that nothing escape with as much pomp, sound and fury as possible.

II. A university lecture is an exercise in virtuosity, with the same tune continuously played before rather immobile lumps used as sounding boards.

III. A university exam is a means of resounding the themes of virtuosity (see above) in great detail and with some pain as it is apt to require effort.

LITERATURE

IV. Interpretation of poetry: When one reads a poem which is difficult either because it is vague or actually deep), it is necessary to satisfy one's urge for reasonable explanation by building a large superstructure of interpretation. This approach causes poets to revolve in their graves, as they are, in effect, being told what they had thought. It is very similar to man's creation of God in his own image and likeness and has the same reason for its existence as has philosophy.

V. Shakespearian scholarship is a method of carrying the exploration of the most minute and insignificant details to a limit as close to infinity as possible. Every word is ground up, chewed and examined so closely that the whole is often invisible.

VI. Modern poetry is garbage disguised to appear as though too great or deep to be understood by ordinary mortals. However it does not sell well and hence is properly recognized as worthless, but not for the proper reason.

DEMOCRACY, PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY

VII. An election is a means of selecting a candidate according to his looks, personality and what he says he will give us, instead of choosing him according to his ability and integrity.

VIII. Philosophy is a means of determining why we cannot get The Answers and why the ones we may have are at least 90 per cent wrong, if understandable.

IX. The historical point of view is a means by which everything (including sociological phenomena, the arts, or even morals) is considered according to what it was 50 to 2,500 years ago, and why it was better then.

LANGUAGE

X. Eclecticism is a \$5 word for acknowledged plagiarism (a \$4.50 word).

XI. Semantics is defining terms without bloodshed.

XII. Defining terms is a way of asserting one's own superiority or trying to kick the other fellow in the face, or both, under the guise of intellectual search for truth.

TRUTH

XIII. Truth is what I say.

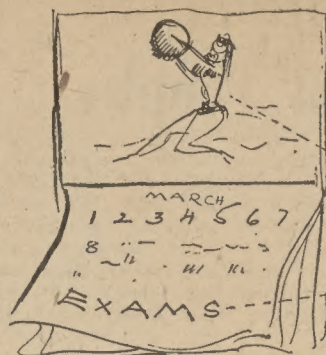
XIV. Error is what you say, if I like you.

XV. Falsity is what you say, if I envy or dislike you.

XVI. Opinion is an excuse for not being in possession of the facts.

But Fred (who has been reading over our shoulder) admits there is one bit of truth left out of his theses. He wishes it to be made explicit that he did not write the reference to Miss Sherlock on the introductory paragraphs. "I work in the library," he explains.

ALBERTA SPRINGTIME



Capital And Seaport

A Tale of Travel
By KEN STEWART

Bonn is a quiet provincial town, lying a few miles south of Cologne along the Rhine river. This is the town to which the Germans refer as the temporary capital of Germany and seat of the government of the Federal German Republic. It is a pleasant, tree-lined town and does not seem to have the bustle you might expect from a capital city. The large grey federal government buildings are built a little way out from the edge of town on the banks of the Rhine.

The day we visited Bonn was bright and warm, and the sun shone out of a clear sky. The people were moving about in the market place and the housewives were doing their morning shopping in the stores, which were mostly small individual shops selling bread and pastries or dairy products or meats, rather than the larger department stores to which we are more accustomed.

We strolled through the square and under one of the huge town gates, where the shade was cool and still. Moving on, we entered the famous old cemetery.

This is a very beautiful spot, with tall trees and flowers, benches and graveled paths; in fact, more like a park. Here sat old men with canes and great white moustaches, sitting with an air of great dignity as they watched the children playing.

One of these venerable gentlemen directed us to the grave of the Schumans, Robert and Clara. Of all the more famous persons there interred, these two have the largest memorial. It is in white marble, large and rather ornate.

The university or old electoral palace sits in a green plot, surrounded by an ornamental moat. In this body of water grow a large number of water lilies and other water plants. The goldfish grow to considerable size in this water.

The building itself was undergoing repairs when we visited and the students were picking their way among scaffolding and bags of lime, sand

piles and workmen's tools.

The other building of the university is the old castle of the elector, and is connected to the first by a long tree-lined boulevard. My companion and I amused ourselves by trying to credit various positions to the many people we met while walking down this avenue.

The other portion of the university is much larger and it also is being repaired. Outside under the trees were several second-hand book sellers, mostly with their books displayed on two-wheeled push carts.

By early afternoon it was very warm and we were glad to enter the cool of "Beethovenhaus", the birthplace of the composer and now a museum. Here are preserved, among other things, one of Beethoven's pianos and a number of manuscripts, including that of the fifth symphony.

The back attic room where he was born is roped off. Inside there is no furniture, in fact nothing but a great towering bust of the great genius, and beneath the pedestal a large laurel wreath, in the centre of which was placed a small bouquet of fresh violets.

I should like to say a few words about another German city, the great port of Hamburg. It is a huge, bustling city at the mouth of the river Elbe and possesses what I imagine is the ugliest gate on the continent. Of red brick, it is possessed of innumerable points, peaks, towers, and architectural styles.

Hamburg has come a long way since 1945, when, we are told, it was almost in complete ruin. Although I would not perhaps describe it as the "gay, mad Paris of the north", the phrase used, I believe, in an interview reported in this paper early in the year, it is a bright city, wealthy, loud, and noted for its care-free night life. Many of the bombed areas have now been made into parks, particularly in the centre of the city, and the great private mansions along the banks of the river, set in their large private gardens, have a solid pre-tax look about them.

Pakistan's Position

Second of Two Parts

By AMAN ULLAH LOAN

Pakistan—Defence Pact with the USA?

"America has committed the greatest blunder in offering armed aid to Pakistan. We have lost a bigger ally in India." Such were the views expressed with great asperity by one of the Campus intellectuals at one of the SUB meetings which I happened to attend.

Why should he fear losing an ally in India, whose teeming millions, living hand to mouth, always at the verge of starvation, have been consistently supported and helped by the western nations and when Indian Government supplies of arms and ammunitions run into billions of dollars from Washinton only? Why should she feel indignant when the same offer is made to Pakistan?

Does India now think that the west has some ulterior motives in providing such aid to easterners; or is it because India fears an invasion from Pakistan? What an assertion! 340,000,000 people fearing an attack from only 80,000,000! What a compliment to us! And I will say it is just a compliment and not the reality because we are signing the pact to preserve and further the cause of peace in the region. India should rather be happy that we have taken the heavy responsibility to preserve the democratic way of life in that region and that we are prepared to face any aggression which aims at usurping the freedom of any

of our neighbourly states in south-east Asia.

"Why should one think or talk of aggression or war and not of peace?" This was another question shot by a delicate brain at the meeting. I do agree with these great idealists that only lunatics talk of war or aggression. But, unfortunately, we are living in an imperfect world where the weak and the defenceless invite only aggression. Then why not remove this temptation by making that region militarily strong? That is the object of SEATO which we willingly joined. Signing of the Defence pact with America brought us "Compliments" from both Russia and India simultaneously.

We were threatened; my countrymen very naturally doubt the "good" intentions of either of the two countries. We went ahead and made another defence pact with Turkey and may make a few more. We are making ourselves strong so that nobody dare make any aggressive designs against us and so that we may preserve and protect our hard-won freedom and independence. In so doing, we will contribute toward the preservation of peace in this region.

My country has thrown her lot with the west because we like the democratic way of life and because we are all God-minded. May He succeed us in our aims! Amen!

The Bridge Of Understanding

By Yoon Soo Park

The need of a bridge of understanding between the east and the west has now become generally recognized by people of both hemispheres.

To the westerner the east is always a little mysterious. Certain ways and customs of the east, appearing rather strange and queer to him, sometimes fascinate and irritate and, more often than not, are hard to understand. If it were stopped at fascination or irritation, the avenue of understanding would never be opened through. The east would not appear so mysterious if, among other things, the spirit and morals of its culture were better understood.

What is of greatest importance to understand is that the people of Asia are very much like Europeans or Canadians in all the things that matter. We love life, we cherish hope, we labor unceasingly that our children may have a better chance than we or our fathers have ever known. You know Asia as an ancient land, with the oldest civilization on earth. But we know it as a new land, a pioneering land, now just entering in our own lifetime into freedoms and challenges and opportunities—into education and democracy and equality.

So much for individuals. There is

far more I would like to say—that we Asiatic peoples are not insensitive to suffering, that we do care for the value of human life, that not all Orientals look alike or think or feel alike, that the bonds of affection between parents and children, between husband and wife, are as staunch and strong as in any part of the earth. It is important that the westerners understand these things about us, for unless you realize that in all essential respects we are like you, it may be difficult for you to understand why our needs and our aspirations are so very much like your own.

You have heard a great deal about Asian suspicion of western colonialism. It is true that our experience with western nations has been bad and that we have a great deal of injustice to forget. But we are not blind to the fundamental facts of the world as it exists today. We know that as of now the old period of western colonialism is dead and gone.

As I read your newspapers and listen to the speeches on your radio and television, it is wholly natural to hear Asia discussed in terms of what it may mean as a battlefield, or as a protective bastion, or even as an area of concession in the battle between the democracies and the Soviet Union.

Asia means all these things, but to fully half the human race it is home and means everything to our own people that life can mean. Consider for a moment the war in Korea from a Korean point of view. We did not attack anyone. We did not push ourselves out into trouble. We were simply trying to live our own lives as inoffensively as we knew how when we got caught in the middle of the greatest power struggle the world has ever known.

I sometimes hear people say that it is natural for the Koreans to want to fight for their freedom, but they must keep in mind that Korea is not worth a world war. To me this sounds like rather strange talk. Surely Fort Sumter was not worth a war in 1861, but it signified an issue that could not be abandoned without the ruin of the American union. We may recall that Manchuria was not worth a war when the Japanese invaded it in 1931, nor was Ethiopia, nor the Ruhr, nor Austria, nor Czechoslovakia, nor Munich.

The chief point I would like to make is that Asia is of importance not alone of and to itself, but for and to the security of freedom in the entire world.

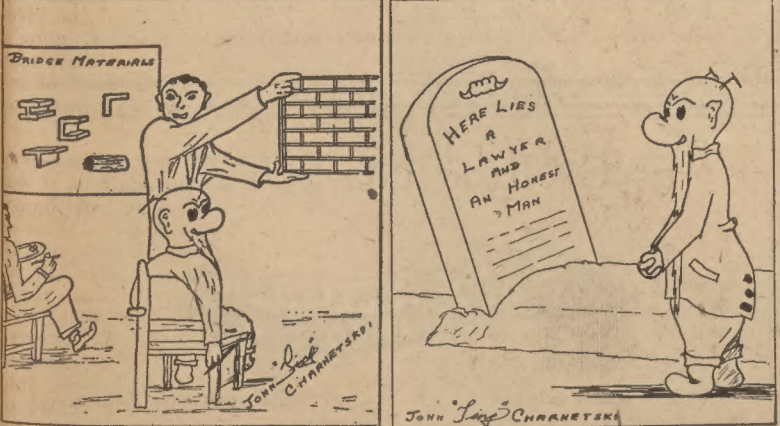
Asia is symbolic of the determination of the submerged peoples of the earth to throw off ancient tyrannies and old limitations to build a new life of democracy and freedom.

Asia is too big to be ignored!

(Yoon Soo Park is a Korean student now at the University of Alberta.)

CONFIDENTIALLY—

—By J. T. Charnetski



"You mean that's the kind of grid we have to play football on next year?"

"I don't believe they could get two men in that small a space!"

THE EDMONTONIAD

CANTO THE TWENTIETH

Wherein the Muse's imagination is stretched to the utmost and snappeth, leaving the poet to limp home alone—to the general relief.

The city glistens in the early sun,
As well befits a life that's new begun;
New buildings, see, there rises one alone,
Macdonald's towering, cubic heap of stone;
A palace noble, reaching for the stars
That come from Hollywood in costly cars.
That morn, when Magnus of the righteous heart
Brought from the city's treasury a part
As aid to Artis in her south side camp,
He asked her why she wandered with her lamp.
"To drive out darkness where the humbugs thrive,
To find what spirits keep the flame alive,"
She said, "This is a spirit lamp I light,
No motor running keeps this burning bright.
Magnus, because I tread the common sod
You disbelieve that I am one with God,
You see no miracles, when all around,
In hourly sight new miracles abound.
God, who set natural laws, will not forsake them,
To manifest himself, why should he break them,
If he would work through side-shows of that kind
Why undertake to give the man a mind;
When fire is hot bread bakes without the baker,
Don't look for more assistance from your Maker.
You talk of angels, fickle bread and wine,
Think, only, free thought only is divine;
But free, of ritual, book, estate and nation,
We do not drive in herds to our salvation.
There is in life no more exacting thing to do
Than facing up to whatsoever things are true."
Now all is still. I limp on graceless lines
To end the book alone. My muse resigns
The tale, shocked silent by imaginary stories
Of Magnus listening to another's glories,
And leaves me, then, to find my own way out;
To end with whispering or a mighty shout.
What better do, while still I boast one friend,
Then make it painless quick, and simply say—The End.

PREJUDICE—

—By The Artsman

I must apologize for last week's column. Not a word I said about CGIT girls is true. I didn't know my girl-friend once belonged to this most noble and worldly organization. They are almost as good as the Girl Guides.

Do you know what is a major trouble with this university? There are two main groups, athletes and intellectuals, that lead their various fields and, by their nature, tend to neglect each other. We are graduating unbalanced students, with an overdose of either learning or physical prowess, and an underdose of the alternate.

The solution is obvious. We will make it mandatory that all with marks over 80 per cent participate in sports; and marks must be above 70 before one is allowed to participate in sports. Thus we will get athletic intellectuals and intellectual athletes.

We can just hear the quarterback in the game to decide the intramural football championship:

"Precipitate elongated spheroid one squared plus x squared over three factorial plus x squared e squared two squared over four factorial, trajectory bracket four plus three j bracket, ejaculate."

And the Golden Bear goalie when a puck got past him:

"In Leafs versus Canadians, National League, 1954, the referee ruled that any flat cylindrical disc that was shot by the first party into the property of the second through a third party, alien to the second but not to the first, by any means other than the prescribed weapon of the third party, shall not be considered a point for the team of the first and third party, but that the deed shall be redone."

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Very soon now students will wag their heads over the approaching exams. It is possible that during the period some serious thought will be given to the nature of the educational process at this university.

It becomes increasingly apparent that this university has become an instrument of inertia. Tremendous amounts of energy are dissipated at the college and faculty level, but these never reach a stage where they are meaningful for the whole university.

This is not only true in the teaching departments where college sanctity is jealously guarded but also on the level of extracurricular affairs.

The results is that there is no dynamic uniting all units of the university in one common aim. Without this kind of unity it does not seem possible for the university to maintain any sort of vital atmosphere.

From the academic sphere and reaching right down to the last club and organization on the campus, these arbitrary divisions are sapping the vitality of the university community.

Radsoc

(Continued from Page 1)

During the past two weeks music programs originating in these studios have been fed every evening through the public address system to various rooms of the SUB.

The control panel itself is well engineered and very flexible. Sound may be picked up simultaneously from any six of eight sources, which are: two turntables, three microphones, one tape recorder, and two remote lines for on-the-spot coverage of activities elsewhere on the campus.

It may be fed simultaneously into the monitor loud speaker in the studio, the tape recorder, the operator's headphones, two remote lines, and either the line to CKUA or the PA system in the SUB.

There are two studios, connected by a large window and an intercom system. The small studio, the old radio room, contains the control panel and record library, while the music room will serve as main studio.

It should be emphasized at this point that the music room will still be available for students who wish to practise and will lose none of its value in this respect by serving as main studio on the infrequent occasions that it will be needed.

The completion of this project is an achievement of which the university, and especially Radio society, and most especially Neil Smith, can be justly proud.

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THEATRE PAST AND PRESENT

One-Act Plays Form Student Presentation

Where the Cross is Made, Portrait of a Madonna and The Pot Boiler were the one-act plays presented in matinee and evening performances Thursday at Studio Theatre.

The plays were completely student-directed, designed, and acted. The directors are taking education 236, the drama course in directing, and actors were from either the acting classes or the Drama society.

Where the Cross is Made, a drama by Eugene O' Neil, tells the story of a young man's struggle for peace of mind which can come only by placing his father in an asylum. The father, played by Joe Sisko, education 4, is an old sea captain who believes he has the map of a treasure, and who watches every day for a ghost-ship bearing the treasure.

Steve Sharp, education 1, played the lead, and Mary Krpan, education 1, and Mary Lou Williams, education 1, were double-cast in the role of the old man's daughter. Also in the cast were Jim Butterfield, science 2, Wayne French, education 3, Forbes Langstroth, arts 2, and Walt Paetkau, education 1. The play was directed by Lawrence Kelly, education 3.

Tennessee Williams' Portrait of a Madonna is in some ways a fore-runner of his three-act play A Streetcar Named Desire. This is the story of a harmless psychotic woman who lives in a dream world and is finally committed to an asylum.

Mary MacDonald, education 2, directed the play, Jean Younie, education 1, played the lead, and Don Harris, education 2, Wally Walcer, education 1, Sonja Gotaas, education 1, Beverly Swartz, education 1, and Byron Olson, education 1, completed the cast.

The Pot Boiler is unique in that there is a play within the play itself, representation of a frantic playwright who tries to direct his own poorly-written melodrama. Directed by John Paterson, education 1, the cast included Gordon Miller, Betty May Myers, Nancy Sorenson, Walter Paetkau, John Hrasko, John Paterson, and Ada Pichard, all education 1.

The plays were considered laboratory performances in that the simplest of scenery and costumes were used. The directors are all senior education students who have acted as stage managers for one of the major Studio Theatre productions.

History Of Theatre Subject Of Display

Occasionally there is a display worth looking at on the second floor of the Arts building. The one that has just appeared is one of them.

A quick history of the theatre, which this display sets out to show, may not appear to be of immediate interest to a city which does not have the blessing of a regular theatre, but we do have the Studio here on the campus, and, surely, sometime before the end of the century it will become noticeable that while we have an abundance of acting talent, there is no playhouse on Jasper. This display is the kind of thing to nudge thoughts in that direction.

It is refreshing to see that the Shakespearean theatre is merely given the necessary passing nod. The way the bookstalls look these days one would think that drama and its setting began and ended in the sixteenth century.

This display doesn't know when drama or theatre began, and doesn't attempt to say. It starts out with a striking pen and ink drawing of Greek theatre in action. It is one of the upcountry theatres, to judge by the proscenium, but the portrayal is more vivid than any other I have seen.

The evolution of scenery is followed, for, unlike the poor, scenery was not always with us. Some folk in the past went to the theatre prepared to use their imaginations. It is difficult to see that our entertainment has improved itself or us by relieving audiences of this activity.

The race towards realism in the

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Recorded Music In Comfort

By Louis Hyndman

The music listening room of the Rutherford library provides weary students with a comfortable and pleasant place to relax and enjoy all types of classical music.

The room is open Monday to Friday from 12:20 to 1:00 p.m. and on Thursdays from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. During the noon-hour programs, students may request recordings or selections they would like to hear, while the Thursday evening programs feature well-known operas, plays, and symphonies.

The total number of records included in the music room collection is well over 500.

ON THIRD FLOOR

The well-lighted and tastefully-decorated room, located at the southwest corner of the library's third floor, can accommodate more than 35 persons in its large, comfortable lounges and chairs. Tables are provided for those students who wish to study while they listen.

In addition to its two record cabinets, the music room contains a piano and a small filing cabinet. The acoustical-tiled ceiling assures undistorted listening at all times.

Among the types of classical music offered are symphonies, concertos, musical shows and plays, vocal solos, opera, choral and sacred selections, ballet music, and solo instrumentals.

FOUND EASILY

For convenience in locating a desired record, a standard library filing cabinet has listings and cross-indexes of all discs under the headings of composer, title, conductor, orchestra, medium, form, and performer.

Some of the more notable Thursday evening programs during the past few weeks have been "La Traviata", "John Brown's Body", "The Barber of Seville", "Death of a Salesman", Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral", and Verdi's "Falstaff". Symphonies and shorter selections will be featured in coming weeks.

The music room's extensive record collection is added to from time to time with grants from the Musical club.

NFCUS Art Award

The third annual art competition of the National Federation of Canadian University Students will be held from March to October this year. It offers a \$200 scholarship to the Banff School of Fine Arts to the student whose entry shows "the greatest possibility of future artistic talent".

The scholarship for the 1956 summer session is being awarded by the University of Alberta for the first time this year. Other prizes will be offered in each of four classes: oils, water-colors, tempera works, and drawing and prints.

Entry forms and rules are available from John Sherman, NFCUS chairman, for the competition.

Theatre Directory

FAMOUS PLAYERS THEATRES

CAPITOL—Bad Day at Black Rock starring Spencer Tracy, showing Friday. White Feather with Robert Wagner, Debra Paget, Jeffrey Hunter, John Lund, starting Saturday.

PARAMOUNT—Carmen Jones starring Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte.

EMPRESS—Notorious starring Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman, and Farmer's Daughter with Loretta Young and Joseph Cotton.

GARNEAU—Rose Marie starring Ann Blyth, Howard Keel and Fernando Lamas.

STRAND—Fire Over Africa with Maureen O'Hara and McDonald Carey, and Bamboo Prison.


ODEON THEATRES

ODEON—Keystone Cops with Abbott and Costello.

RIALTO—Three Hours to Kill with Dana Andrews and Donna Reed.

VARSCONA—Father Brown Detective starring Alec Guinness.

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Bob Kubicek

To put it mildly, the Bears did not fare too well on their exhibition tour into the United States. We hardly expected them to, for they had many factors against them.

To start with, they were up against top-calibre hockey players. Colorado College Tigers, the best team in the Western Collegiate Hockey League, in which Denver also plays, boasts top-flight hockey talent. The Tigers have a majority of Canadians on the team, which includes boys like Clare Smith and Doug Silverburg, who make their homes in Red Deer.

Not only was the calibre of play top-notch, but the rules used by the colleges in the States are quite different from what the Bears are used to.

The ice surface does not include a centre red line. This, plus the rules allowing passes to be completed from a team's defensive area into their opponents' zone, makes for a brand of wide-open hockey that made it plenty difficult for the Bears to play the hockey they are capable of.

Body checking is limited to a team's defensive area—behind their own blue line. Anything that taints of boarding results in a two-minute penalty. We can just see some of the Bears' more rugged rearguards trying to get along on these rules.

Finally, the Bears had to adjust to the change of altitude. This is shown by the fact that they improved as they progressed through the series, starting off disastrously against Denver and playing their best hockey in their last two encounters against Colorado.

We often criticize the States for their high-pressure tactics as far as athletics is concerned, but we can't for the life of us see what is wrong with what Colorado has done in the field of hockey.

The college boasts a coeducational enrolment of 1,030 students. Yet they have an artificial rink with a seating capacity of 2,800, which we are told is usually filled to capacity for home games.

An enrolment of 1,030 and they still manage to compete in the same league with universities as far east as Minnesota. Plenty of travelling expenses involved here, but they seem to thrive on it.

We are also told that the curriculum offered by the school, although limited, is plenty tough.

A recent article in Sports Illustrated predicts great things for the small colleges in the northern United States who can't meet bigtime football expenses but who are instead turning to hockey, with rewarding results.

Give U of A a rink and they could do the same.

LOOSE ENDS

Ron Meyers, sports editor of the Manitoban, has asked us our opinion on who should make the all-star team, for his annual poll. So here it is for Gateway readers: Centre, Jim Wright of Manitoba; forwards, Norm Macintosh of Alberta and John Wright of Manitoba; and guards, Dick Herbertson of Manitoba and Oscar Kruger of Alberta.

Here is a quote from the Manitoban on how they beat the Bears: "Coach Bud Fraser, in an interview with the Manitoban, outlined the winning strategy of the game. Fraser commented that the Alberta team did not fare too well on the long shots since the Bisons' zone defence was solid. 'Our somewhat unorthodox zone defence seemed to have them puzzled,' stated the coach." Bet they don't get away with it next year.

Glancing at the WAA awards, we see that some 80 pins, crests, etc., were given out. Yet only 35 awards were given out for extracurricular activities for both men and women. Seems to us that either too many athletic awards are being given out, or not enough extracurricular activities are being recognized. Which is it?

Bears Lose 7-3 In Final Game

By Gene Falkenberg

Golden Bear hockey club finished off the season on a losing note as they dropped the fourth game in a row of their exhibition tour, 7-3, to the powerful Colorado College Tigers Monday.

Walt Buck, Ed Ratsoy and Don Kirk chalked up the Bear tallies. Don Wishart scored three for the winners.

Bears played their best hockey of the tour in the first period as they opened quickly on Buck's goal at the 1:08 mark. However, Tigers returned with a vengeance and were ahead 3-2 at the end of the period.

Colorado extended their lead to 5-2 in the second period and closely

checked the remainder of the game for the win.

Adam Kryczka, Bear goalie, was injured in the second period but returned to the contest ten minutes later to continue playing steady hockey.

Bear team were hampered by penalties in the last two periods, as Bengal marksmen scored four times while Bears were shorthanded.

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BROWN, HOREAK, MOSELEY TO RECEIVE WAA AWARDS

Christie Brown, arts 3; Connie Horeak, phys ed 3; and Marlene Moseley, arts 2, will receive major athletic awards, the Women's Athletic association announced Tuesday. The awards will be in the form of white blazers.

Gold "A" athletic pins will be awarded to Barb Beaton, education 2; Betty Fisher, education 2; Marion Hall, arts 2; Lorna Livingstone, education 4; Rae Milligan, phys ed 3; Marion Neal, house ec 3; Eileen Nicol, phys ed 2; Betty Jean Robertson, commerce 2; Barbara Shortreed, arts 3; and Helen Twack, nurse 5.

Eileen Nicol will also receive the only gold "E" executive pin being awarded.

TEN BARS

The ten intersarsity bars will go to Betty Fisher, education 2, for basketball; Lynn Houston, physiotherapy 1, for volleyball; Joan Kerr, nurse 4, for swimming; Marlene Moseley, arts 2, for basketball; Eileen Nicol, phys 2, for badminton; Nora Olson, phys ed 4, for golf; Betty Jean Robertson, commerce 2, for curling; Judy Schlosser, arts 2, for swimming; Claire Williscroft, arts 2, for figure skating; and Shirley Wilson, phys ed 4, for badminton.

Intersarsity guards will go to Pat Crosman, phys ed 3, for swimming; Ann Hart nurse 3, for swimming; Connie Horeak, phys ed 3, for basketball and swimming; Sandra Mendryk, nurse 3, for volleyball; and Rae Milligan, phys.ed 3, for golf and badminton.

Felt "E's" will go to Sandra Baker, arts 2; Betty Bentley, education 2; Pat Crosman, phys ed 3; Ardell Culver, pharmacy 2; Lorna Daverne, education 3; Mary Hendrickson, arts 2; Donna Kinloch, education 2; Sandra Mendryk, nurse 3; Rae Milligan, phys ed 3; Marlene Moseley, arts 2; Eileen Nicol, phys ed 2; Betty Jean Robertson, commerce 2; and Judy Schlosser, arts 2.

FELT "A" WINNERS

Felt "A's" will go to Lorraine Adams, nurse 1; Joyce Aylen, nurse 1; Sandra Baker, arts 2; Barb Beaton, education 2; Anne Becker, arts 3; Barb Beddome, arts 1; Betty Bentley, education 2; Doris Bingay, education 3; Julie Bodnar, science 3; Arlene Bowser, house ec 3; Ev Clark, house ec 2; Doreen Calvert, arts 3; Barbara Dawson, arts 3; Sue Fife, physiotherapy 1; Jane Hall, nurse 1; Helen Hunter, education 2; Jean Kenworthy, arts 3; Marianne Lindsay, physiotherapy 1; Doris Livingstone, arts 3; Ann Martin, arts 1; Lilian Masson, nurse 5; Mona Mc-

Laughlin, physiotherapy 1; Joan McMurchy, nurse 5; Marion Neal, house ec 3; Eileen Nicol, phys ed 2; Shirley Sherk, education 2; Gladys Theilan, education 1; Doreen West, commerce 2; and Barb Wilson, arts 1.

WAS PRESIDENT

Miss Brown, one of the three major award winners, was this year's WAA president and has served as publicity manager. She has participated in intersarsity volleyball, Cubs basketball, and intramural golf, track, badminton, swimming, volleyball, basketball and table tennis. She has also worked for The Gateway as sports writer.

UAB Recognizes 77 Athletes With Sweaters, "A's", Bars

University Athletic Board recognized 77 athletes for awards in the field of men's sports Tuesday. These include 30 major awards consisting of big block "A" sweaters, manager "A" awards, and big block "A" numerals.

Big block "A" sweaters go to Walt Buck, hockey; Derril Butler, basketball; Dave Cornish, wrestling; Don Davies, boxing; Paul Gotaas, skiing; John Higgin, tennis; Bill Knopp, hockey; Ted Mitenko, hockey; Jim Munro, basketball; John Parkinson, wrestling; Ed Ratsoy, hockey; Bob Stewart, hockey; Bryan Targett, hockey; Allan Tollestrup, basketball.

Bob Gourdin was awarded the lone manager block "A" sweater for his efforts as manager of the Golden Bear basketball team.

Manager five-inch awards were won by John Weir, Carl Daneliuk, Gene Falkenberg, and Arnold Enger.

Big block "A" numerals go to Dick Day, John Dewar, Ron Donnelly, Cy Ing, Bill Kirstine, Don Kirk, Oscar Kruger, Jack Lyndon, Norm Macintosh, Gorde Morrison, Larry Shelton and Peter Willson.

Five-inch "A's" were awarded to Adam Kryczka, Jerry Patsula, Neil Reinhart, Bob Popik and Ed Sorochuk for intersarsity hockey. Dave Steed, Don Durrie, Jack Kenyon, Ron Ghitter, Frank Smith, Bruce Perrin, Don Pierce, Don Grace, Miles Palmer, Ray Oswald and Bill Fisher won five-inch "A's" for basketball.

Other five-inch "A's" were won by Bill Geddes, Frank King, Neil Webber, Gordon Kluzak, Al Odynsky, Mike Richards, John McClung, Rick Collier, Ed Ernst, Doug Horne, Harry Fayerman, Chris Nyhus, Ian Finnan, Ian Nielson, Berny D'Aoust, Orst Kotyshyn Vic Nakoneckney, Wally Walcer, Wolfgang Karbe, Elliot MacDonald, Howie Boyd, Virgil Nelson and Jim Carroll.

Athletes who have won five-inch

"A's" and were again recognized for their fetes in sports (with bars) include Joe Kryczka, John Tweddle, Ed Dobry, John Chappel, Hugh Edgar, Barney Hughes, Brian Dawson and Bill Tichkowsky.

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Poetry By H. Y.

Celestial Cycle

A leaf, a woman,
A sudden shower, a man,
Desire, creation, agony, life,
And again.

A Twilight Thought

The sun's fragrant and dying light
Brings this silent thought to me:
Where have the suns of other days
Left their shadow-tinted rays?
Did past suns set in the future space
That hides from a fragile eye
That symphony of echoing eternity
That leaves my mind breathless?
Did the ancients, with their days as
suns,

Have a truth as near the divinity
Of man with a sun king as our man
With his empty incoming radiance?
Still moves our present sun
To his future darkness,
And yet, unknowingly, I ask,
How could a sun set and still shine
Where my eyes may not glimpse it?

Life and Learning

If denied to you the communion
Of earthly, scurrying clay.
If denied to you those giant
And separate figures of fire,
Alone, by terrible choice,
Your path must take
Into a narrow corridor
Of glowing, transparent fear
Whose every hoping door
Is barred to you,
And whose shaken
And credulous case must bear you,
Until meaning pass beyond
Your present physical paradox.

Images

A high wreathed funnel of sound,
The gathered intimacy of steps,
The narrow distances that fall away,
The escaping thread of a whisper,
The blank, unholy joy of living,
The idle, silence-fearing chatter,
The ever-need to escape,
The terrible calumny of restless
social liaison,
The invisible motive path that
humans walk.

THE GATEWAY

UNDERGRADUATE NEWSPAPER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Literary Supplement March, 1955

Birji Pays Her Debt

* * * *

A Story By Frances J. M. Buckles

Birji lay for a moment, listening to the breathing of old Mother-in-law beside her, the faint rustling of the chickens in the far corner of the room, and the mingled snores of Wagji and his wife from the other corner where they lay sleeping. Not even Wagji's two children, who lay between her and their parents, were awake. They were always tired after the long trek to the river for water. The two goats slept peacefully in their corner by the chickens, little knowing their share in the day's festivities.

Gently, so as not to awaken Mother-in-law, Birji rose from the floor, pulling her chaddar over her head as she opened the door and stepped out into the grey dawn. The hot season was coming early this year, for even at this hour there was a pleasant warmth in the air.

Slowly she walked to the edge of the jungle outside the village, her calloused feet insensitive to the sharp pebbles and occasional thorns. Sitting with her back to the rough trunk of the old flame-of-the-forest tree, she gazed with unseeing eyes across the brown, barren fields, past the rooftops covered with drying red peppers to where a cluster of flame-of-the-forest trees stood silhouetted against the early morning sky, a

crimson glow in a dull, brown world.

Then, with a long, sobbing sigh, she dropped her head onto her arms as they rested on her knees and, rocking herself back and forth, whispered, the words sometimes escaping in a moan: "O Narji, Narji, my husband, O Father of Wagji, today will thy good name be remembered with respect and honor. Today we celebrate thy death-feast. O Father of Wagji, thou knowest that for these three years we could not do this; the famine kept us hungry and even ill. But this year the rains were good; this year the corn is plenteous. Today all our relatives will gather to perform thy funeral ceremony and celebrate thy death-feast. But O, Father of Wagji, I, thy widow, am so alone." And the rocking continued slowly as she sat, sometimes with bowed head, sometimes gazing across the fields or out at the barren jungle. Her thoughts went back to her wedding day.

She recollected how she and Narji, thirteen and fourteen years of age, had laughed behind their masks at the wedding dance as each, sitting on the shoulder of a relative, had tried to pull the other off; and the wedding feast for which her father had borrowed two hundred rupees; and the rhythmic Bhili dance that

continued most of the night. In those first days in the home of Mother-in-law, she and Narji had spoken one another's names, softly, and only when alone, for one must abide by the custom of never naming one's spouse. With the birth of their first son, the childish playfulness of their marriage disappeared and even when alone they addressed one another, according to custom, as Father of Wagji, or Mother of Wagji.

For eighteen years they had worked side by side, she guiding the old wooden plow as he pulled it, sowing the precious corn or gathering the harvest together at the end of the season. Always they were together, hungry together in famine years, suffering together at the deaths of the five babies who came after Wagji, alone together in Mother-in-law's one-room house, even though Mother-in-law lay there sleeping, within reach of an outstretched hand, her sleeping grandson clasped in her arms.

Together—until the famine three years ago had turned Narji to a skeleton of blackened skin and bone. They had dug together for grass roots, which only aggravated the growing hunger—and it was not enough for Narji. There could be no proper funeral ceremony nor death-feast in those days, nor in the years that followed, until now. Today her debt to all their relatives would be paid.

Suddenly she rose; the village was beginning to awaken. There was so much to be done before the relatives arrived. The two goats must be killed and the curry made. The grain had been ground yesterday but the corn-bread must be made. The leaf plates which she had woven two months earlier, when leaves were still on the trees, were ready. Yesterday all the village women and children had gone the three miles to the river, bathed, washed their clothes, and brought back waterpots full of precious water, two pots on each head.

The day passed quickly and, busy in the preparations, Birji had no time to think again of loneliness or grief. At last all the relatives had arrived. The straw hut was ready, and the white sheet spread over the waterpots which represented Narji's body. Shamji, a young brother-in-law, taking the place of the corpse of three years ago, sat in the straw hut, his eyes constantly wandering to the hole at the back—was it big enough for a quick escape?

The men had finished their chanting at the front of the hut. Now the women came, Birji and Mother-in-law supported by relatives; and the wild, frantic wailing arose on the quiet evening air. Every woman raised her voice, for Narji should be well wailed for. And then, as the wails increased, and all were gathered in front of the hut, Wagji took a lighted torch and applied it to the dry hut, replica of the bier his father should have had. At that moment Shamji made his escape through the hole, free of the hut none too soon, as flames quickly enveloped the dry straw and bamboo. Then, as the flames subsided, the women hurried back to the mud hut, for the men must be served first and there was much to do.

The women hurriedly served the goat curry and cornbread to the men

A Poem

The Watch

By

Mary Humphrey

It is a fat, yellow watch;
It fits smugly into
The watch pocket
Of my good trousers;
But it is not in its little pocket;
I am swinging it
Back and forth . . . back and forth
Above the new-born face of my
grandson,
My first grandson.
The sunlight strikes against the gold,
Bursts into a shower of joy,
And my grandson smiles slowly
With the wonder of my watch.

My grandson is ten years old today;
He is sitting at my feet
Carving a whistle
From a twig of willow;
And the old hands of my watch
Are sweeping around and around:
A decade,
The wonder of a decade.

It is June:
The sunshine pours through
The narrow glass windows
And makes the polished
Oak seats very hot;
My grandson is graduating
As a doctor;
I was a doctor,
And now my grandson
Has dedicated his strong hands
To the sharp, silver instruments;
No matter if it is a small world,
Our village.

"David," I said,
Feeling the warm weight
Of the watch heavy
In the palm of my hand.
"David, I would like
To give you my watch."
And my grandson smiled shyly;
The world was very beautiful and
still.

My grandson went away
From our village
In a handsome blue uniform
This March. . . .
Outside the snow is falling down,
Always down. . . .
My grandson has fallen down
From the skies;
The airplane and my grandson have
died.

I am an old man, so very tired. . . .
Someone has sent
The watch back to me
In a cardboard box.
It is a fat, yellow watch;
It fits smugly into
The watch pocket
Of my good trousers.

as they sat cross-legged before their plates on the ground. Birji stood a little to one side, gazing thoughtfully at the smouldering embers. So quickly it was finished. It seemed so final now. For three years the weight of this debt to Narji's memory, and to the relatives, had haunted her. At last she was free of it. She felt empty, drained of all emotion, as she turned again to serve the guests. Even the relief of knowing that her debt was paid could not ease the ache of loneliness in her heart.

Darkness had fallen before the last guest arose. Plates were thrown on the fire, which blazed a little brighter, as Birji listened to the farewells, to the words of praise for the death-feast. Then the last guest was gone, the men with their long curved swords at their side for protection against the wayside robbers who wandered at night.

And Birji slipped quietly off to the old tree at the edge of the jungle and sank, with a long sigh, to the petal-covered ground at its foot. The new moon was a thin crescent in the west and the stars came out, one by one, to keep her company.

Only Birji's whisper broke the silence of the night: "O Father of Wagji, it is done. Thy honor is unstained amongst thy people. We gave them a good feast. Thy memory was with us, and they spoke thy name with respect and affection. Goodbye, O my Father of Wagji."

Blue Tobacco Blues

* * * *

By Pmr. Psmith

I lean back and puff, and watch the blue curls of tobacco smoke noiselessly lose themselves in the air. I wonder sometimes about tobacco. It all started when Sir Walter Raleigh met up with a Virginia Indian who let him puff on his clay pipe.

Raleigh liked the experience and swapped some cheap glass beads for the pipe and some tobacco.

When he returned to England the people took one look at him and thought he was a dragon.

They would no longer think so. Everybody smokes.

The young boys take their corn-silk cigarettes and sneak behind the barn.

One of them looks furtively around the corner to see if the old man is coming.

He isn't but the boy almost wishes he was.

But instead he says to the other fellows, "This is fun, isn't it?" And all together they say yes. But they don't mean it.

For secretly they don't think it's much fun at all and they're very sick, and they really wonder why the grownups do it.

So do I. We just have the blue tobacco blues.

We're so blue we have to smoke. Like I said, almost everybody does it.

First it was Raleigh, then noblemen who could afford it. Then people started saving money so they could be like the nobles, and smarter people planted tobacco crops and the

price of tobacco went down and the sale of tobacco went up.

And everybody smoked. That is, everybody except the women.

They were not emancipated. But somewhere, some time in some cobwebby corner of some dusty attic, the first woman tobacco smoker cautiously took her first puff on her first pipe, cigarette, or cigar.

It was a momentous occasion. She did not smoke again, but that really does not matter. She made history.

From then on there was no stopping them.

Tobacco and women had been united in the holy and indissoluble bond of Bond Street.

The women bought and puffed and choked their way into history.

The tobacco growers chortled and cheered them on.

The men threw up their hands in despair in their smoky kitchens and sought solace in even smokier bars, and shook their heads in despair and said, "The next thing you know they'll be wearing pants."

But it didn't do a bit of good. As usual, the women had the last word.

The conquest was complete and irrevocable.

And only the tobacco growers, most of whom didn't smoke, were really happy.

For it's really a filthy habit. Thousands of potential Ted Williams and Maurice Richards are ruined by it.

It clogs the lungs, fouls the breath,

dirty the teeth, raises the cost of living, shortens the life and cuts the wind, and other things, according to Kinsey.

Doctors deplore it, preachers abhor it, purists ignore it.

And the people say yes, it's terrible stuff.

And keep on smoking.

The whole country's going up in smoke.

One hundred and thirteen million dollars a year spent on ashes.

The tobacco growers are happy.

I know someone else who's happy. It's a ghost.

It's the ghost of the Indian who first gave Raleigh tobacco, and he's in my room and I can hear him and he's laughing his damn fool head off because he started the whole thing.

I guess the Indian got his revenge.

Another thing, too.

Where does all the smoke go to? It must go in the air.

We are breathing the accumulated poison of four centuries of smoke.

I think our grandchildren will be born in an atmosphere of blue tobacco fumes.

They will be lulled to rest by the blue tobacco blues.

Instead of oxygen tents, there will be nicotine tents.

Schoolboys will all be green-faced and sallow of cheek.

The whole thing has horrible implications.

(That damn Indian's laughing again.)

I must think about it.

Has anybody got a coffin nail—I mean a cigarette?

The Story Of Kootenai Brown

A Roguish Gentleman

By Malcolm D. Paterson

Waterton park is located in the southwest corner of Alberta and covers an area of 225 square miles of clear, cool lakes, rushing mountain streams, majestic mountains and tall, stately evergreens. During the latter part of the nineteenth century and the first part of the twentieth, this lovely lake district of the Rockies was home to one of the most colorful of the western pioneers.

This frontiersman was John George (Kootenai) Brown, born in the shade of Balmoral castle beside the River Dee in bonny old Scotland. His father was the queen's overseer and companion to the royal children. Rumor has it that on one of the rare occasions when John George was allowed to play with the royal children, Prince Edward, who would become Edward the Seventh, and John had an argument which resulted in a "bloody" princely nose. As a result of this tempestuous nature, he was assigned to the army at an early age. Having been educated at Eton and Oxford, he learned his lessons well and soon became ensign to Queen Victoria of the Eighth Regiment of Foot. However, due to an indiscreet love affair, he received his honorable discharge and was sent to far-off, romantic yet troublesome India. From here our distinguished gentleman made an undignified exit, leaving a fellow officer on a slab in the morgue. He travelled across the Pacific to South America and gradually up the west coast until he arrived in Alberta at the ripe old age of 26.

For the next four years he wandered about western Canada but finally came back to his Utopia at Waterton with his wife, a halfbreed he had met, fell in love with and married in Minnesota. When his beloved died after 12 years of wedded bliss, Kootenai again took to the plains, where he wandered for another four years. Here on the plains he met a Cree Indian squaw who in some measure consoled him and became his wife.

A tale is told of his devotion to his wife and of his love of a practical joke. It seems that his wife, the Cree Indian, Nichemoos, was taken ill, so he proceeded as quickly as possible to Macleod, some 60 miles away, to secure medical aid. However, when he and the doctor returned some three days later, they entered the cabin to the sound of cheerful humming. Nichemoos had recovered during her husband's absence. Since the doctor could not start the return trip to Macleod on an empty stomach and the good smell of a savory stew filled the cabin, it was not long before the doctor and Kootenai were sitting at the table doing justice to the meal that Nichemoos had prepared against her husband's return. During the course of the meal Kootenai asked the doctor if the meat from a poisoned animal was edible. The doctor answered in the negative. Kootenai gulped a gulp and, with a world of resignation in his voice and manner, said, "Then, Doc, I guess you had better get your antidote ready. This bear was poisoned over on Sofa mountain just before I came to fetch you."

The doctor rose slowly from his chair, grabbed his hat from the peg, was out the door and headed for Macleod before many a second had passed, while Kootenai and Nichemoos burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter. The truth of the matter was that Kootenai believed and had proved his point before, that if the entrails of a poisoned animal were removed before the poison had reached the blood stream, the meat would not be harmed.

For many years Kootenai worked as a trader and guide. He was a past master at the art of using highly expressive language, which no doubt came from the classics by Shake-

speare, Tennyson and others that he had carried half way around the world. As a story goes, Kootenai was to meet Lord Latham and several other members of the British House of Commons at the mouth of Blakiston valley. When Kootenai arrived he found Lord Latham and his party with several cowboys who were to act as packers on the trip. Kootenai had little faith in cowboys and their ability to throw a diamond hitch. However, it was probably their picturesque attire that had appealed to Lord Latham. The morning the outfit was to start out, Kootenai, noting what a poor showing one of these cowboys was making, undertook to show him how to throw a proper hitch. Grabbing the latigo strap, he gave a mighty yank; the strap broke and Kootenai came into violent contact with a rock on the ground. Rising slowly, with a scornful look, he faced the packers and let loose a stream of epithets, expletives and very questionable damnations the like of which could rarely have been equalled. Then, for lack of breath (for one can hardly conceive of Kootenai's vocabulary in this line becoming exhausted), he stopped. Lord Latham, who had been standing by, looked at first bewildered, then comprehendingly, and finally admiringly at Kootenai, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "My dear Kootenai, would you mind repeating that fiery discourse, please?"

When the Waterton area was made into a national park, the logical person for the job of warden was Kootenai, so he got it. He was later promoted to the position of park superintendent, the position that he held at the time of his death on July 18, 1916. Throughout the time he was in charge of the park he was enthusiastic and most conscientious about his work, and even just before his death, when he was very weak, it was not uncommon to see him on patrol.

John George (Kootenai) Brown was buried beside his halfbreed wife in a little plot on the lower lake, around which a white picket fence has now been erected. Nichemoos followed him years later on April 1, 1935, and was buried on the other side of her husband. It is said that a good bottle of contraband whiskey lies closer to him than either of his wives, the last practical joke of his friends.

With his passing, one of the most daring and picturesque characters of the early west had gone to his rest. For more than half a century the rugged mountains and lakes which he loved so well had been to him a home. As long as there is a Waterton there will always remain associated with it the name of Kootenai Brown, adventurer, explorer, founder and warden of Waterton Lakes National park, who was, above all else, the roguish gentleman.

Communion

By FRANCES J. M. BUCKLES

Let me be still, apart a while,
Away from rush and stress
Of day's turmoil, the problems that
Loom large and tend to press
Upon my heart and take the place
Where quietude should be.
Let me be still, and take the time,
Lord, to commune with Thee.

A quiet rest as moments fly,
A pause midst fret and care
Of restless toil, that I may find
The peace that's with Thee there.
Let me be still, lest petty cares
Obscure the vision, Lord,
That I may hear, midst gathering
storm,
The leading of Thy word.

Poetry
By H. Y.

Time and the Timeless

The infinite second of the now
Has caged my thoughts
Within a soundproof dome.
I may not tell my thoughts
To other beings
Of this or other ages.
Embarrassed at exposure
Of my only treasure,
My honest, innocent pain,
I sweetly smile my nod
While inmost I utter
My negations.
False in honesty,
Fragile in time,
Where shall I turn?
The void retrieves my echoes,
The faithful void,
And now I wait
Like one who waits
For an autobus
To return upon its route
Whence it shall go again.

Love

I wait upon the day and the hour
Of your return
As the sun waits upon the opening
Of a flower.
I do not beat my breast in grief,
I am glad at your going,
That I may rejoice at your return.

Nature Covers
Her Scars

By SHIRLEY A. WISHART

If you have ever travelled through the heavily-forested Peace River country of Alberta in early summer, and in the wake of a forest fire, you will understand what I am writing about.

The air about is stifling and a light grey ash settles on everything. Here and there among the stark, blackened skeletons, tiny flames still lick hungrily at the charred stumps. All this, which was once lush greenery, has been made ugly and dead. The cycle of nature must begin all over again.

When again you journey out of the Peace River country in the fall, you still see the black, naked trees against the now-clear sky, but covering the floor of the forest is a carpet of flame-colored beauty. This is made by the flower called willow-herb or, more commonly, fireweed.

"Strange flower, thy purple making haste
To glorify each blackened waste
Of fire-swept land,
Is with a blessed meaning fraught,
And we—when pain has fully wrought—
Shall understand."

The name fireweed has been given to this plant because of its habit of appearing soon after forest fires and covering unsightly waste. Where does the fireweed come from?

Within the flower is the corolla which is at the top of a long ovary. The mature ovary forms a slender capsule from two to three inches long, filled with small seeds well tufted with silky down. When ripe, the capsule splits, releasing the feathery seeds that float on the breeze for long distances. This wide dispersal of its seeds assures the fireweed of being among the first plants to reach a burned-over area. The plant blooms on through the months of July, August and September, filling the air with its silky-plumed seeds.

We can apply the story of the fireweed to our own lives. Even when we as individuals are scarred or handicapped in some way, nature covers her scars in developed personality and hitherto unused talents and gifts.

This special literary supplement to The Gateway was published to encourage campus writers. The editors have printed all that was submitted, with the exception of two small items omitted because of space requirements.

The Gyroscope;

OR,

A Vague Lesson in Translatory Motion

(This essay was handed in as an assignment by an honors mathematics student.)

My debut into the realm of experimental physics was in the year 1940. In that year I was the proud possessor of a brand-new tricycle. I slowly began to notice, however, other styles of this machine equipped with only two wheels (which I did not mind at all, since in my eyes this gave me a fifty per cent advantage). However, as I put my mind to the problem, I became somewhat perturbed,¹ since this provided no visible means of support.

After a lengthy consideration of the subject, I decided that the bicycle was impossible and that people who rode them were victims of hallucinations.

This gave me at least temporary peace of mind. But a couple of years later my parents, blissfully unaware of the internal harm they might cause, bought me a gyroscope as a Christmas present.

There began my woes. The gyroscope, when suitably placed on its accompanying tower, did not simply fall down, as would do any other self-respecting object. Instead, it consistently went round in circles (a phenomenon which seems to be quite common in departments of the university).

I began to brood on this. And the more I brooded, the less logical the whole mess became. First, I could forgive it for not falling down. I could even forgive it for disobeying Newton's laws, even though I didn't know what Newton's laws were.² But, if it had to go around in circles, why did it have to pick that direction? (I always had a feeling that I could explain it perfectly if it would go around in the other direction.)

Finally, while browsing through a do-it-yourself text, I came across the following piece of rough-and-ready information:³ that if you should turn a gyroscope completely around, i.e., through 180 degrees, it will now be spinning the other way. Thus, to turn a gyroscope over, one must expend enough energy to stop the gyroscope and start it rotating in the opposite direction.⁴

This satisfied me for a time. In fact, I was blissfully contented for over a year.

Then one day it struck me. If this is true, then why does the gyroscope go round in circles (or, more correctly, rotate around the point of support)? Obviously, all it has to do is to go half way around the circle and it is "going in the opposite direction".

More worries.

It was in this befuddled state that I went through high school.

University. By this time I had almost forgotten the problem (by a neat psychological defence mechanism).

But alas and alack! In physics 40, we were again confronted with the same dismal problem, with a few new angles thrown in to help complicate things. In this case, the gyroscope was counterbalanced and we were shown that if the gyroscope tended to pull down, it went around in one direction, whereas if it were overbalanced so as to try to push up, it backed up in the other direction. And no real explanation.

I did manage to gather, however, that in some mysterious way the whole situation was intricately tied up with vector products.

A word of explanation here.⁵ I had previously run across vector products in math. 41.⁶ But I was by no means enthused by them. Consequently, this new complication did not by any means make me any happier.

However, I was a college boy by now. And college boys, according to tradition, know everything.

So I looked up a friend who was also a mathematics freshman and

engaged him in a two-hour dispute involving such discouraging things as vector sums and products, torques, solid and fluid friction, and eight cups of Tuck shop coffee.

We got nowhere.

Happily (for us), at this moment in walked a second-year honors physics student,⁷ whom we immediately accosted.

He smiled a gentle second-year smile, sat down and proceeded to give a full explanation of vector products.

An hour later he wandered out of Tuck, muttering to himself, gazing fixedly at three fingers that he held rigidly pointing in random directions and bearing a completely vacant expression in his eyes.

Then a horrible thought struck me. Perhaps nobody knows for sure! Perhaps mathematicians and physicists are putting up a gigantic bluff.

But I had confidence in the cower of mathematics.⁸

I thought perhaps that I might gain something from consulting one of my professors. But then I remembered the last time I had consulted him on a problem that was bothering me. I came out of his office in such a dazed state that I didn't even think of cutting classes for a week.⁹

Yet I, as a math student, had to have something to tell the general public. As one philosopher put it, "Suppose the president of the United States should walk up to you tomorrow and ask you how the gyroscope works, wouldn't you feel silly if you couldn't tell him?"

So now, when anyone mentions the subject, I raise my eyebrows in an intellectual manner and say, "The polhode rolls without slipping on the herpolhode, situated in the invariable plane." To date, this has effectively silenced all further questions.

I can thus summarize all my knowledge of the subject as follows:¹⁰

1. A gyroscope acts normally as far as translatory motion is concerned.¹¹

2. When endowed with two rotational degrees of freedom (besides the actual spin of the top), it acts as follows: A torque applied in plane A will cause rotation in a plane perpendicular to A and passing through the axis of spin of the gyroscope (it took me an hour to memorize that down pat).

3. When endowed with one rotational degree of freedom¹²—or less—it behaves itself impeccably, just as one would have expected in the first place.¹³

Footnotes

¹You can at this point check with the perturbation theory, but I don't think it would help.

²The reason I knew it defied Newton's laws was that on the outside of the box it said, in big red letters, "DEFIES NEWTON'S LAW!"

³Do-it-yourself texts are marvellous sources of rough-and-ready information. As a further example, allow me to quote this little gem: "Ships made of steel or heavy metals do not sink because they are full of air." Then how come I don't float? I always sink like a brick.

⁴Which, according to my own involved calculations, is equal exactly to zero. I don't know whether my method is valid, however. In spite of my efforts, I cannot yet remember having done a negative amount of work.

⁵I could put this paragraph into a footnote, but I assume that by now you have learned that footnotes aren't worth reading. In fact, why are you reading this one?

⁶Or, more correctly, I had previously been run across by vector products in math. 41.

⁷I am unable to mention names, but this student's initials are David Middleton.

⁸This is obviously a misprint.

⁹Well, almost a week.

¹⁰This must really frustrate you. Had you only known, you would have skipped all the hogwash that precedes this section. Come to think of it, you may have quit reading before you got to this point. If I get a goose egg on this essay, I'll know that was the case.

¹¹Which is, as far as I am concerned, the only normal thing about it.

¹²Which is the only way to treat a gyroscope and remain sane.

¹³Let me get this straight. That is NOT a stick at the top of this page.